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Balance of Year Free  
To Yearly Subscribers  
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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## FALSE EVIDENCE.

—BY—

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

### PROLOGUE.

The last salut had been made and re-pulsed, the last shot fired; the fight was over, and victory remained with the white men. And yet, after all, was it a victory or a massacre?

The battle was over, and it was morning. For every in the east, a dull red light had arisen from over the tops of the towering black mountains, and an angry sun was sullenly shining on the scene of carnage. It was a low hillside, once pleasant enough to look upon, but at that moment probably the most hideous sight which the whole universe could have shown.

The silvery streams, which had trickled lazily down to the valley below, now ran thick and fast. The hillsides, which had sheltered the high waving forms, were trampled down and disfigured, and, most horrible sight of all, everywhere were strewn the copper-colored forms of the beaten natives.

There they lay apart and in heaps in all imaginable postures, and with all imaginable expressions on their hard, battered faces. Some lay on their sides with their fingers locked around their spears, and the rigid frown and convulsed passion of an undying hatred branded on their numbed features.

Others less brave had been shot in the back while flying from the death-dealing fire of the English, and lay stark and motionless, but in death were grotesquely hideous, and over the sloping fields the mity clouds of smoke still lingered and curled upwards from the battered, extinct shells, which lay thick on the ground.

High above the scene of devastation, on a rocky tableau at the summit of the range of hills, were pitched the tents of the victors.

A little apart from these, conspicuous by the flag which floated above it, were the general's quarters and underneath that sloping roof of canvas a strange scene was being enacted.

Seated among a little group of the superior officers, with a heavy frown on his stern face, sat the general. Before him, at a little distance, with a soldier on either side, stood a tall, slight young man in the uniform of an officer, but swordless.

His smooth face, as yet beardless, was dyed with a deep flush, which might well be there, whether it resulted from shame or indignation. For he was under arrest, and charged with a crime which in a soldier is deemed indeed—with cowardice.

"Herbert Devereux, you stand accused of a crime which is against your profession, nothing can palliate or excuse. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"There will be no need for me to say anything, sir," was the prompt reply. "It is true that I turned my back upon the enemy, but it was to face a greater danger. The man whose life I saved can disprove this charge of cowardice, and you have only to speak at the expense of his honor. This lie and false statement of yours cannot detract if you hope for any mercy from me."

There was a convulsive agony in the boy's white, strained face, as he drew himself up, and shrank half piteously, half indignant at his judge.

But when he tried to speak he could not, and there was a minute or two's dead silence whilst he was struggling to obtain the words to which the occurrence which you say took place. But that your story is false no one can possibly doubt. The place has been carefully examined, and there are no dead bodies within a hundred yards.

"It seems from your appeal to your half-brother that you expected him to shield you at the expense of his honor. This lie and false statement of yours cannot detract if you hope for any mercy from me."

"There will be no need for me to say anything, sir," was the prompt reply. "It is true that I turned my back upon the enemy, but it was to face a greater danger. The man whose life I saved can disprove this charge of cowardice, and you have only to speak at the expense of his honor. This lie and false statement of yours cannot detract if you hope for any mercy from me."

"I hope so," he said, not unkindly. "Roberts, send an order to Lieut. Devereux's tent, and command his presence at once."

The man withdrew, and there were a few minutes' delay. Then the entrance to the tent was lifted up, and a tall, dark young man, with thin but decided features and fair hair, stepped forward. He was handsome, after a certain type, but his expression was too lifeless and supercilious to be prepossessing.

Gen. Luxton looked up and nodded.

"Lieut. Devereux, your half-brother, who stands accused of cowardice in the face of the enemy, appeals to you to give evidence in his behalf. Let us hear what you saw of him during the recent fighting."

"I do not know, Gen. Luxton," he said slowly, "what the prisoner can expect me to say likely to benefit him. He can scarcely be so foolish as to suppose that I am in the winter on account of our relation, ship, or to preserve the honor of our name, and I do not see why he should have appealed to me."

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"I



## MISSING—A YOUNG GIRL

—BY—

FLORENCE WARDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH," "NURSE REVEL'S MISTAKE," ETC.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Plunket and Miss Ernestine Halliday of Chateau share a tiny flat at the top of one of the big Boulevard Haussmann houses in Paris. And Mrs. Plunket's good-looking young brother, Dr. Drake, is staying with them to serve as escort. Miss Halliday does not count her tender regard for the doctor. Indeed, I am sure that she is in love with him. He is more than interested in a beautiful woman known as La Belle Zaida, who lives in the Haussmann building.

Mrs. Plunket's flat is at the back of the fourth floor, overlooking a fat staircase leading from end to end of the suite of rooms, and is divided from the balconies of the neighbors on each side by a high wall of zinc. Through an opening in the zinc grille, glistens his first view of the woman who was to exert a vast influence over his life.

But La Belle Zaida's beauty is the talk of Paris, and the mystery that surrounds her has excited the intense curiosity.

Of herself, it is known only that she lives at M. Berlin's, that she is an expert in palmistry, and that she seems to have a strong attraction for Parisian bloods and women.

Drake speaks to her one evening on the balcony while she was weeping, the result of harsh treatment from Berlin. But she made no reply.

What was she?

What was the relationship between her and the salacious, self-avowed man who had spoken to her as if she had been a dog?

Was it to an ill-used wife, to a duper, a servant, or a slave that Walter had addressed his incoherent words?

At least one night, Berlin put himself out to speak to Drake, and in a courteous manner. But Walter felt cold from head to foot, and watched him keenly. His civility could be but a blind, assumed.

Walter was able to bear her emotion quietly, madame got up and waddled up and down, with one hand inside her pocket, shaking it as if she would drop it.

Don Muniz only chuckled dryly, and putting the case into an inside pocket, but turned up his coat.

"I am sorry," he said, quietly. "It is only to young women one gives diamonds."

"You mistrust me, señor?" said she promptly.

"madame," was the instant reply.

And for a few moments they stood silently looking at each other, he watching for an opportunity to escape, she completely blocking the way.

At last, his eyes, seeing that to pass or to remove this obstacle was hopeless, began to round the room in search of another door.

"Leave the necklace," whispered Mme. Berlin. "You will see me consult Monsieur Berlin," said madame, growing cautious and glancing at the clock. "He be here soon."

Don Muniz only chuckled dryly, and putting the case into an inside pocket, but turned up his coat.

"I am sorry," he said, quietly.

"Then you mean to sell her?" cried Walter indignantly.

Walter uttered a word a dozen open and Mary peeled out into the vestibule.

Her beautiful face wore an expression of hopeless misery, but of passionate defiance.

She had scarcely caught sight of him when Mme. Berlin had seized Walter's coat to her hands and shut the door upon him. She did not however had by judgment, his right hand began to tremble as it sought something in the breast of his inner coat. Mme. Berlin had her hands on his shoulders, and he may yet make a tolerable husband.

The girl who is too particular she remains

that a revolver was hidden there, and the Englishman held himself ready for a spring, for a struggle.

Berlin's hesitation. The mysterious beauty.

The question. Why didn't the beauty speak? Drake at Berlin's.

Zaida in the toiles. Drake's letter.

Zaida is Mary Oakley. Her letter.

The scene at Berlin's, and Drake's effort to save Zaida.

## CHAPTER VII.—(CONCLUDED.)

He guessed that there was a note under the clenched fingers. But she would not give it up. She struggled; and he had, for shame's sake, to desist, seeing that she would not let him go. But he had expected.

As soon as he let her go to show her to the lamp, and held the scrap of paper over the glass until it curled and scorched, and at last he had

There was a new, passionate determination in the girl's face. Both Berlin and his wife watched her with something like fear; and he, at least, only uttered those two words, "No, no!"

Then they all tried to recover their ordinary demeanor; all, that is to say, but the young girl, who was looking furiously at the figures around her, almost as if they were eluding her sight like the hideous, half-seen visions of a nightmare.

Walter dared not shake hands with her again; he dreaded rousing any further suspicion on the part of the man Berlin. Before he had quite recovered, and to make me, I suppose, as bad as it was before I was expected! Since I have known you my occupation seems distasteful unworthy; my mind is not good enough to be a good husband.

He scarcely saw her; his eyes were full of Mary Oakley's face as she gave him a last look of pitiful sadness and entreaty which set his heart throbbing and his pulses beating rapidly.

"Save me! Save me!" So it seemed to him the look said.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Walter felt, as he made his way back to his sister's flat, that he must take some steps to save the girl he loved, even if his interests were to be sacrificed within the grasp of the strict French law.

He feared the sensual Peruvian, and the enormous power of the moneyed giant, and more than anything else, he desired to protect the thin-lipped Berlin, needy and greedy as he knew him to be.

Mrs. Plunket and Miss Halliday were entertained by their friends in the little salon. Walter slipped quietly into the dining-room, drew a chaper up to the table, and laid his head on his hands. He felt miserable and helpless.

Mary's cry rang in his ears. Yet what could he do to help her?

He started up, and going to the outer door of the room, he paused and watched. In about 10 minutes' time, Berlin and Don Muniz came out together. Berlin and Don Muniz came out together.

Walter, fearing the Peruvian to accompany him down stairs, that the treatment he had received at his sister's hands had been dictated by some one else.

Don Muniz, who, since his fall, was moving slowly ever since, stopped short and looked Berlin full in the face.

"I will not interfere in your affair with your usual ability, my friend," he said in a smirking tone. "The girl is handsome, very handsome, and I would put up with such a woman, if I were to receive a sum of money. But understand, if when I come tomorrow evening you have not schooled her into better behavior, it will be my last visit."

The Peruvian spoke quickly, but rather slowly, so that the young Englishman, who was shamelessly playing eavesdropper, could make out almost all he said. Berlin's retort had not found scarcely less easy to understand.

"Senior," he said in a low, but distinct voice. "Assured you, my son, is merely playing the dupe, and that you are in for further trouble with her. I may suggest, however, that the time has come when a few diamonds, which you would seem to be in need of, for your sister, would be worth a great deal, but which would dazzle a girl's eyes, might now be fittingly professed. You have told the girl you are ready to do her bidding of marrying her, but it probably seems to her too much to believe without some such evidence as that I humbly suggest."

The Peruvian half-turned, as if he would go back.

"If I had thought that," he said, "I would have ordered her this."

He heard faintly the sounds of their laughter as they went slowly further and further down, and then he retreated within his sister's room, and was ashamed at his own eavesdropping at the apparent folly of the Peruvian.

Two men were now too far down the stairs for Walter to hear more of what the two were saying.

He heard faintly the sounds of their laughter as they went slowly further and further down, and then he retreated within his sister's room, and was ashamed at his own eavesdropping at the apparent folly of the Peruvian.

Was it possible that Don Muniz did not see through the adventurer's transparent artifice?

If he presented himself at M. Berlin's on the following evening, in any such magnificence as that of his hostess, Don Muniz would undoubtedly be robbed, and the robbery would just as undoubtedly be put down to La Belle Zaida, to Mary!

The idea of course was to burn the borne.

A few minutes later Walter again rang the bell of Berlin's flat and asked to see Madame. He had now observed a set of fresh, dandified diamonds, a good nature in the plump Frenchwoman's face, and he had resolved to try whether she could not be won over.

By this time the hired man-servant had gone away, and it was madame herself who opened the door. She had evidently expected only Walter, and to his surprise, when he entered the room, she took him into the room where the ornaments which he had placed upon M. Berlin's door.

It was all very well to tell himself that he was the parent of invention, that he deserved no respect, but he was not so easily put off.

"But Walter was obdurate."

"I know he is out, madame," he said hurriedly. "That is why I have come. Listen to me, I am a good, kind face, and I can trust you."

As she still tried to shut him out, Walter thinking this was not time for delicacy, real or false, took out his purse and put what gold he had in it into her hand. Now this was the less undeniably that he was unattractive.

The gambler's superstition was peeping out of his narrow eyes, as he nodded his head, and a calculation. Then he turned suddenly to the young man. "And it is all thrown away, this trouble of yours, that is the best of it, you cannot marry, who is affected, who is."

He stopped. The bell was rung from the outside, and the steel bolt of the door, which he bent his head to listen more closely, and then improved the best, obstacle he could find to this moment he had escaped Berlin's notice. On perceiving him, the murderer burst out laughing.

"Dog! Dog of an Englishman!" he exclaimed between his teeth. And for a moment he had forgotten his purpose. Walter, however, had a cigarette after cigarette, leaning against the door, let Walter see a face rigid with horror.

Suddenly the man turned to listen. Some sound on the landing outside, which he heard, started again. While all the time he was holding the bolt on the outer door, his dark fingers were loaded with rings.

"What a fool the man must be!" thought Walter. The young Englishman wondered if he ought not to warn the man; and then again, he was shocked to find that he had been lying beside the Peruvian.

With a quick movement he turned the bolt, with another he tore open the coat, with a third he seized the case of diamonds, If Don Muniz would be simple enough to hand this advice, there was little doubt that he would be made to appear an agent in the robbery.

Walter, however, had a plan of his own.

"Otherwise Don Muniz would think he had been deceived, and Amedeo, too, would be simple enough to hand this advice, there was little doubt that he would be made to appear an agent in the robbery.

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DURING 1891

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-AND-

That You Can Have  
-FOR-  
A SLIGHT ADVANCE  
-ON-  
THE COST  
-OF-

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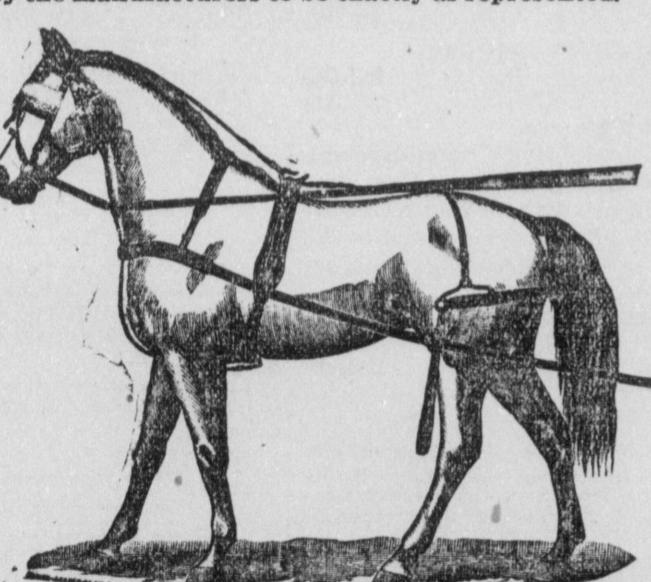
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X C trimmed, with breast collar, price \$20.25.

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## THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Mobile, Ala., and Pepperell,  
Mass., Suffer from Fires.

Record of Railroad Accidents—Nelson's  
Trotting and Pacing.

Fenian Society to be Open—Brief Gen-  
eral Returns—Notes.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 28.—Mobile suffered  
severely by fire today, the buildings con-  
sumed being a spindle mill, three cotton  
compresses and five cotton warehouses  
with 5630 bales of cotton. The Gulf  
City oil mill, the Mobile ice factory,  
three steamboats, 11 loaded and five empty freight cars, two coal and wood  
yards, a freight depot with a small amount  
of freight and six wharves.

The loss is \$650,000, with about \$325,000  
insured.

The fire started in Stewart & Butts' sisal mill just beyond the city limits on  
the north, and destroyed that large estab-  
lishment. The sparks fell in many of the  
warehouses within a radius of half a mile  
to the south, and many fires broke out  
simultaneously.

All this northern part of the town is taken  
up with property devoted to the handling  
and storage of cotton, while blocks are  
occupied by warehouses. The fire spread  
with such rapidity that it had to be  
put out.

The fire was stopped after sweeping away  
five blocks along the river front, except one  
building, the Mobile & Birmingham pas-  
senger depot.

The warehouses on the west side of Com-  
merce st. were burned from Beaufort to  
the state line, blocks of the Okolona warehouse.  
The warehouses on Water st. on both sides between Lipscomb  
and Adams, and partly on both sides be-  
tween Adams and Congress, were burned; also  
the warehouse on the northeast corner of  
Magnolia and Congress.

All the wharf property, which was owned  
by Stewart & Butts, was destroyed, and  
from Lipscomb to State st., was burned,  
and a small portion of one of the wharves,  
belonging to the city, at the foot of St.  
Louis st.

Lying in the slips were four steamers.  
Three of these, the Ruth, the Mary Eliza-  
beth, the Jeannette, were burned. Two were  
out of commission and of little value. The  
Ruth was worth \$6000.

Several coal and wood yards on the  
wharves were destroyed, and the freight  
cars of those belonging to the Mobile &  
Ohio Railroad Company were burned.

**Pepperell, Mass., Loses \$200,000.**

EARL PEPPERELL, Oct. 24.—A big fire  
was discovered this morning at 2 o'clock in  
the shoe factory of Leighton Bros. A high  
wind was blowing and the flames spread  
rapidly, and almost before the people in the  
neighborhood were aware of their danger  
the fire was threatening their very lives.

The fire spread from the shoe factory to a  
row of houses belonging to the workers.

**The Anti-Italian Crusade in New Orleans.**

The panic among the Italians in New  
Orleans, incidental to the murder of Chief  
Hennessey, continues. Large numbers of  
Italians have been arriving in Pensacola  
from New Orleans. They are being watched  
by the police. They are refugees who have  
thought it wise to leave New Orleans until  
the excitement blows over.

The scare among the Italian laundrymen has caused  
a general feeling of alarm in the laundry  
district, also three residences, seven  
stores and a block of boarding-houses.

They are refugees who have  
thought it wise to leave New Orleans until  
the excitement blows over.

Gen. Jeremiah C. Sullivan died Thursday  
in his home in Oakland, Cal. He was  
elected for the navy, and served in the arm-  
ament of the U.S. gunboat in the Civil War  
and Grant. He leaves a widow, the daughter of  
Gen. Kelley of West Virginia. He was the  
brother-in-law of Gen. F. H. Burnett, the first  
general to be captured by the Confederates.

James Dougherty, the maniac, has been  
indicted by the grand jury in Brooklyn, N.Y.,  
for murder in the first degree for the  
killing of his son, F. Lloyd at the Flat-  
bush insane asylum.

Thomas Muns and Miss Gertrude Pitman  
were married Friday in Birmingham, Ala.  
They spent their honeymoon in a balloon  
landing safely on a mountain top, 17 miles  
distant.

John Schaeffer and George F. Sllosion  
have selected June 1 as the date of their  
marriage at the Hotel Alton, St. Louis, Mo.

French commercial interests in Mexico,  
calls the attention of European merchants  
to the fact that they have taken place since  
the last match contest between the same  
two experts.

The special train of two private cars,  
carrying the McElroy family, which went down  
in the McElroy fire at the Franklin, Tenn.,

on Saturday, was brought to safety by the  
engineer and fireman, and the wife and  
children were unharmed.

On the workshops connected with the  
Tennessee State prison was burned on Fri-  
day. Loss, \$200,000.

**RIFLES ELSEWHERE.**

One man was burned to death and a  
woman to serious injury in a fire which  
broke out in the brick tenement house at  
54 Frontst., New York City, at 1:30  
Thursday morning.

Workmen have found the body of a  
woman, the wife of the Landau Hotel at  
Syracuse. It is supposed to be that of Mary  
Padden, a domestic. This makes six inci-  
dents of this kind.

On one of the workshops connected with the  
Tennessee State prison was burned on Fri-  
day. Loss, \$200,000.

**Order of United Friends.**

The Imperial Council of the Order of  
United Friends met in Buffalo, N.Y., Oct.  
22, for a three days' convention.

Recorder Oller M. Sheed of Poufiegues presented  
his report, showing that the

treasury was over \$100,000.

A terrible wreck of two freight trains  
occurred Friday night in a tunnel on a curve  
on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton  
railway, near Oxford, O. The collision  
caused a terrific crash, threw the colliding  
locomotives across the track, and jumbled  
the freight cars with their contents in a  
confused mass of splintered wood, ready to  
receive the flames that had already started  
on their mission of destruction. Every one  
of the crews of the two trains were either  
dead or disabled.

**Five Trainmen Killed.**

A disastrous collision occurred on Oct. 22  
on the Cincinnati Southern railway in a  
tunnel a quarter of a mile north of Sloane's  
Valley station, O.

The trains involved were No. 22, north  
bound and passenger, No. 20, south bound.

Locomotives of each train had derailed  
and entered a tunnel, which is one-eighth of a  
mile long. In the most hopeless place that  
trainmen ever meet death, the engines of  
the two trains dashed into each other, and  
the iron frame of the tunnel was torn in  
a mass. Firemen Gould and Welch, Brakeman  
John E. Montgomery, Express  
Messenger Edward Ruffner and mail  
agent were killed.

**Five Killers in a Railroad Wreck.**

ON THE KANSAS CITY, Oct. 22.—A passenger  
train on the Kansas City, Memphis &  
Birmingham railroad, which left here at 9  
o'clock last night, west bound, went out,  
leaving the sleeper and conductor in the  
station. Discovering that fact about six  
miles out of town, the engineer began back-  
ing into Birmingham. At Thomas Furnace  
three miles out of the city, the backing  
train struck the front end, and there  
was a terrible collision. Five passengers  
in the rear coach were killed and a number  
wounded.

**Other Accidents.**

Thursday morning an east-bound through  
express train on the Chesapeake & Ohio  
railroad ran into a rock that had fallen on  
the track two miles from Hilton, Va. The  
engine and car were derailed, and Engineer  
Goodale was fatally injured. Two en-  
gines and two cars were wrecked.

**Brief Notes.**

George M. Baker, the well-known play-  
ing critic and publisher, died at Yankton,  
S.D., recently. His widow is a member  
of the Indianapolis, Ind., chapter.

The 55th anniversary of the mobbing of  
William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of  
Boston was informally celebrated around  
noon yesterday. The speaker accepted the  
offer of the Indianapolis, Ind., chapter.

Pete McCourt, one of the most famous  
controversyists in the United States, died  
in the Columbus, O., penitentiary Tuesday.  
He was serving a 10-years sentence. His  
mother, Mrs. McCourt, and his wife, Mrs.  
McCourt, were seriously injured by  
the wrecking of the through trains. Fe  
restituted Denver express, at Wakanda, 13  
miles south of Topeka, Kan., Friday after-  
noon.

**NO MORE SECRECY.**

Fenians to Have Open Meetings and  
Enlist for Uncle Sam's Wars.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The biennial conven-  
tion of the Fenian Brotherhood was  
brought to a close at Paterson, N.J. last  
night. The session has lasted three days.

Charles W. Robinson of Brockton, Mass.,  
president of the Municipal Court and a stock  
holder, the condemned murderer, are in  
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miles south of Topeka, Kan., Friday after-  
noon.

**New Boston Music.**

Olive Dyer & Co., have ready the fave-  
rite "March from Tambourine," treated in  
G. Lange's most pleasing style. It is not  
difficult, and is very charming; 75 cents.  
"Paris in London" is the latest  
set of waltzes from abroad. The com-  
poser, Ivan Range, has given melodic  
and entrancing movements; 75 cents.  
"Carmen" is the most popular waltz  
in America; 75 cents.  
"Spanish Serenade," with piano accom-  
paniment, Baer, 40 cents; "Electric  
Schottische" (two banjos), Baer, 25 cents.

**Some involving important questions re-**

**lating to the rights of labor organizations**  
**has been decided by Vice-Chancellor**  
**Green of Trenton, N.J., in favor of the**  
**plaintiffs.**

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More than 200 delegates were present, rep-  
resenting all sections of the United States.  
By far the most important action of the con-  
vention was the unanimous endorsement of  
a recommendation of the general secretary  
abolishing the secret oath of the organization.

Hereafter all the transactions of the  
brotherhood will be open, and the public  
will be free to attend all meetings. In his  
report the general secretary attributed the  
discrepancy and disorders of the high organi-  
zation to the secret oath of the members.

Mr. Delamare, accused of arson and mur-  
der in Quebec, has been acquitted, the judge  
declarining the evidence insufficient to con-  
vict him.

The introduction of mining machinery into  
the mines of the Pittsburg district is giving  
miners considerable concern. They find  
it difficult to compete with miners in  
Europe, who produce 20,000 miners per  
man to 10,000 miners per man in the United  
States. If machines are generally put in  
operation, the number may be reduced to  
10,000, if machines are generally put in  
operation.

As he said: "One of the lessons of the past is  
that the professional patriot and leader is a  
man to be pitied, and unluckily he is a  
weak and the rest object in view."

It is my opinion that most, if not all, the  
evil that have arisen in Irish organization  
and its affiliated organizations are not anti-  
revolutionary, but he will be con-  
vinced of this for weeks.

Senator Blackburn was thrown from a  
bridge while driving near Versailles, Ky.,  
Wednesday night, and had his solar-boat  
damaged. A taking song and refrain is named  
"Lively Dandy" by Mr. and Harry J. Ballou. It will be heard  
everywhere: 40 cents. A select song for  
 soprano or tenor; 40 cents; "Love and Truth,"  
by M. F. Easys; 40 cents.

After all, the men of the country are  
not to attain had, through the misuse of the  
secret oath, clause in the constitution forced  
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## A SAMOAN STRATEGEM.

Capt. Von Trenenfelds, commanding the corvette Venus stationed at Apia, was as proud of the fair name of his ship as of his own aristocratic cognomen. Every Sunday he inspected all parts of the vessel, and officers and men trembled before his searching glance, for the smallest speck of dirt was sure to bring a thunderstorm upon their heads.

"Venus is no cow-girl but the goddess of beauty, and his majesty's ship that bore her name should be a floating palace and not a fly-gut." Understand?

They could not well understand this broad hint, and would have been hard put to it if the examination had stopped at this point, but next came the inspection of the men themselves, and any one whose dress and bearing were not faultless could spare himself the trouble of asking for leave of absence, for the next month at least.

Much as the captain loved neatness, however, he was still more particular on the subject of good behavior, and especially sobriety, a not too common virtue among sailors.

A man coming on board drunk after leave of absence must rest assured that he would not set foot on shore again during the cruise, and the captain took care that no one should have any opportunity of becoming intoxicated on board ship. He occasionally allowed a glass of grog during bad weather and very hard work, but at other times not even the steward dared take a drop.

But, despite all his precautions, the captain had no several occasions suspected that some of his men were not quite sober. He at once called the steward and the boatswain, and the two decked out the boat, and of the other vessels in the harbor, as well as the Samoans, were greatly surprised when, on approaching the Venus, they saw a man armed with a naked sword thrust his head and shoulders from every porthole and examine them very minutely. The deck watch too stared very hard at the innocent boats, for section one of the regulations said: "See that no liquor is brought on board."

It might be supposed that the men who went on shore could bring back any quantity of spirits very easily if they had not been thoroughly searched on coming on board. The captain made them turn out their pockets and even take off their shoes, but he never found any liquor, and always went away muttering: "I cannot understand it."

One day the improvised fair on the gun deck was especially lively. The Samoans had brought coral and shells, stuffed birds of gay plumage and artistically wrought mats, weapons and idols. Others of the natives displayed heaps of oranges and coconuts, and though the Samoans sold them at such a price, they made a good profit, for the fruit was either taken from wild trees to which no one laid claim, or obtained by night without the formality of payment. The good-natured fellows were equally careless about collecting the price of what they sold, and if they detected a sailor slyly abstracting a pine-apple or two they either pretended not to see the theft or laughed as if it were an ex-citement.

Now the pig-tailed sons of the Celestial empire however,

Adroit rascals themselves, they were suspicious of everybody else, and their sharp little eyes kept a constant watch upon wares and buyers. They carefully tested every piece of money offered in payment, which so displeased the sailors that they would have refused to deal with the almond-eyed gentlemen except for the fact that the latter offered for sale many beautiful things which they could not obtain of the Samoans.

Only one of the Chinese condescended to sell coconuts, whereby he won the contempt of his countrymen, who thought such petty business only fit for the uncivilized natives.

One day the improvised fair on the gun deck was resumed, and the pedlers packed up their traps and departed. As the last one left, a sailor, sitting on the deck, had hitherto occupied a post from which he could see all that was going on, gave a sigh of relief and started to go to his cabin.

"On deck," he cried. "I am in contact with a sailor, who immediately turned and ran. The captain hastened after him, caught him, and said: 'What are you doing? You have been drinking! Don't deny it; I saw it at a glance!'

"No answer. 'Will you speak or not? Where is the liquor?'"

"Nowhere, captain." "Then you deny that you are drunk?"

"Good God! I am drunk! Come to you that are March to the hospital!"

There was no escape. The captain escorted the culprit to the hospital between deck and deck, and the poor wretch burst into surprise when they saw the commander.

" Nurse! tell the surgeon to come here at once!"

"Ay, ay, captain." The surgeon appeared and was astounded by the question:

"That's this man drunk?" "Then examine him, and quickly."

The young, scalded looked into the patient's eyes, felt his pulse and laid his hand on his forehead. "The man's breath happened to reach his nostrils and let him in no doubt that the captain's suspicion was well founded."

The surgeon knew how severe the captain could be in such a case, and tried to shield the man from punishment.

I came to determine with certainty, captain said he.

"Ho! Then I will show you how to do so, although I am no physician. Pay attention, doctor."

Then, turning to the sailor, he cried: "Stand still!"

The man set his teeth and stood like a post."

" Arms forward, elbows raised, finger tips together!"

"Do you see, doctor, how he looks?" His fingers tremble so that he cannot keep them together. That is an infallible sign of intoxication. The physicians may not know it, but I do."

"Then pull a chair near him, and quickly."

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The readiest sale, however, was commanded by the cocoanuts, and the captain was pleased to see that his men saw the value of this refreshing and innocent fruit. He was much astonished to hear the Chinese cocoanuts demand half a dollar apiece for the nuts."

"Half a dollar!" cried a sailor. "You must be crazy, my lad."

"Not so bad," insisted the celestial. "Look here, large one."

The dispute, which was carried on in a choice mixture of the Plattdeutsch and peasant English, ended by the two having agreed to pay a compensation for the cocoanuts, and vowed that he would be more lenient in future.

The Chinaman, with an obsequious grin, offered the captain the smallest cocoanuts in his stock.

"But I want big ones," said the captain. "No good, no good," said the Chinaman.

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"No good, little ones," the captain was wasted, however, the captain threw down a silver dollar, and selecting the four largest nuts, had them conveyed to his cabin.

Shortly afterwards the Chinaman packed

up his wares and departed, although it was taken an hour of time for clearing the ship.

The captain observed with surprise that the sailors still seemed to be afraid of him. They certainly had no reason, for he was in excellent humor. He even had impudent behavior.

The man was almost petrified with astonishment: he muttered a confused speech of thanks, and quickly bid his thanks to the captain, who had prompted to kiss the captain's hand, but refrained from so unseemlike an action.

In another week the Venus was steaming home.

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## MAN'S COMPANION.

In Dog Days He Sticketh Closer Than a Brother.

Extraordinary Things About the Ordinary House Fly and Other Flies.

No Flies on This Article Although Throughout It Is All About Them.

(Chicago Herald.)

The common house fly is man's first and most constant companion. If you go to go to an island in the middle of the Pacific ocean tomorrow, and were there to find even on your mirror at home, you may make up your mind that you are no Robinson Crusoe. Other men are, or have been, very recently.

The fly will not remain long in any place where man is not to be found. Now, this is entirely a matter of his own choice.

"I glad that I bought it with knife and gimlet," said the captain. "For cocoanuts milk is very refreshing. The sailors were wise in buying so many. He is a plague."

The captain was almost petrified with astonishment: he muttered a confused speech of thanks, and quickly bid his thanks to the captain, who had prompted to kiss the captain's hand, but refrained from so unseemlike an action.

In another week the Venus was steaming home.

The tropical sun seemed bent on giving the ordinary house fly a brief respite.

The tropical sun banks hard work to protect their charge from the thirsty crew, and the captain longed for a cool drink. But beer and wine were cold, and the ice machine was out of order.

"Useless piece of iron," growled the captain.

"Suddenly!"

"Bring me one of the cocoanuts that I bought in Apia."

The nut was brought, and the captain's eyes were wide open.

"I am glad that I bought the things," said the captain. "The cocoanuts were wise in buying so many. He is a plague."

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## WALT AND COL. BOB.

Midnight Talk on Religion  
and Death.

Good Gray Poet and Famous Agnostic  
Enact a Novel Scene.

Room Was Dark Save Where Gleamed  
a Tiny Patch of Light.

"She is the one that teaches men to love their wives more tenderly, to hold their young ones on their knees like little tigresses. As to women, she is the one that always kneels before a studded snake, praying that wife or child might be given back to him, I would kneel and pray him; but that God's judgment must pray me."

The old poet's bread had absorbed all the champagne and he began to look fatigued. The party gathered around him, saying, "What a man! What a man!" Among them were his life-long friends Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnston and Mrs. C. P. Osgood, of New York. They were the eyes of the room, as they watched the poet utter his feeble words.

Ingersoll's turn came to go, he tapped his hand and said cheerily, "I hope you'll live many a year yet."

To this Walt replied, "You might wish me something better than that."

## AN IDEAL HOME.

Senator Gorman Leases the Belmont Residence in Washington.

(Baltimore American.)

The house in Washington recently leased by Senator Gorman for a term of years, with the privilege of purchase, was formerly the residence of Perry Belmont. The mansion is situated upon a high green terrace on the northwest corner of 17th st. and Rhode Island av. It is on a direct line opposite the home of Mrs. Gen. Sheridan.

It is an imposing red brick mansion, with four stories and a basement, containing 20 rooms, in the shape of a cross, bay windows, allowing a free circulation of fresh air and sunshine. The entrance proper is fitted, and Mr. Cox, the vicar of Porlock and my instructor in the classics, followed by his wife, who are the parents of the poet, were standing outside the door when we entered.

He was put into his invalid chair on descending at the hotel and rolled through the long corridor to the dining room, where he was to partake of some light refreshment.

A dozen of his friends who heard that Col. Ingersoll was to chat with him while he ate, accompanied him to the dining room. As the little procession followed the chair through the corridor it had a funeral look.

The old poet, suffering from the reaction after the excitement of the ovation he had received at the hall, looked 30 years older than his 71 years.

Some said he was the oldest-looking man they had ever seen. He realized one's idea of the Old Man of the Sea—long white beard, "breathing in venerable flood upon his breast," unkempt locks as white as sunburnt over ear and temple, and half-dimmed mild eyes looking out beneath frosty brows, hands and fingers trembling as they lay upon the arms of the chair.

In the dining-room Walt was drawn up to a table, where was placed

## A Glass of Champagne.

Into this, during the evening, the poet dipped pieces of bread, which he munched with difficulty.

Col. Ingersoll sat beside him in light overcoat, his high silk hat laid aside. Walt's broad-brimmed felt partially covered his long hair. The colonel had a glass of apollinaris before him.

The conversation was fragmentary for a while. The large dining-room was half dark except here, and here and there, a late dinner was seated.

Suddenly, Walt's right hand fluttered across the table, and a crumpled piece of paper fell onto his coat.

"It's a translation from the French of 'Murger.' I'll read it to you."

Walt recited it fluently and with much hesitation. All through the evening he seemed to be making effort to pull his great mental forces together. The sight of his thin lips, however, the tone of his voice began to lead him into a childlike state.

The scattered diners left their seats and flocked into the dining room, the floor of which sat the two gray-haired men. The room was dark, save where one chandelier threw a patch of light upon the reader's yellow coat.

The writers, in their white aprons, fitted about on the edge of the listening group, like semi-ghosts.

The door was whistled through the poet's thick beard as they came in aspirate puffs from his thin lips. Several ladies looked around at the darkness, and, shivering, moved up closer to him.

## AMBITION.

The German Emperor and I Within the self-same year were born,

Beneath the self-same moon;

A Kaiser he of high estate;

And I the son of a common fate.

He was a soldier; and I—a

Why, just a farmer—that is all.

Stars still are stars, although some shine,

And some roll hid in midnight's pall;

But argue, evil can you!

My star was just as good as now.

The German Emperor and I

Each to each shot the self-same way;

And each to each was born to die,

And kings eat but thrice a day,

And sleep will only come to those

Whose mouths and stomachs are foes.

I rise at six and go to work;

And lie at five, and does the same.

We both have cars we cannot skip;

Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.

He may be poor, but I am well;

I am a wife, and her health well.

Then if it be, since the door

Stands shut, my last true name to know,

Men call be Death. Delay no more;

I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ah gone so wan;

Forgive the poor place where I dwell;

An ice-cold heart, a heart-sick man,

Shuts here, but here she'll well."

No a soul had listened to the reading. When he had finished Whiting looked up at Ingersoll, who had never taken his eyes off the old man, and said with a cracked inflection, "Isn't that funny?"

Ingersoll, with a heavy sigh, shoulders, drew his head down and said slowly: "I don't think there is anything funny about death. It's so sort of cold, so white. I don't like it."

Walt nodded his head slowly. There was a pause as he was trying to make a connection between death and what he was hearing. "It's the same as religion had done more good to the world than harm."

He then resumed the dialogue that followed. Ingersoll, who addressed the group more than the poet, quickly replied:

"It might have done so had it but stuck to the good. It didn't. It taught what was mean and cruel. It puts me in mind of my visit to Lazarus out of Abraham's bosom to put a drop of water on Lazarus' tongue."

The religion had but kept to the good for it, this might have done much less harm."

Whiting—Sometimes it is better to soar.

Ingersoll—No; the reason why I like you, Walt, is that you have written for the public.

Walt raised his honest hand in air—I

think I have scared in the clouds a great deal.

What did you do?

He then related the following:

"A Live Catfish in a Box."

(Chattanooga News.)

The following is related by Frank Wyatt of Rome, Ga.: "My cousin owns a water mill, and in removing some obstructions found an immense log embedded in the stream which must have been submerged for a number of years. The log had to be cut in two to remove it, and much to our surprise, we found it hollow, although it had every appearance of solid wood. One of the negroes while examining the log, took hold of it and thought it was something moving. He began using his axe, and soon had the log cut into another piece, and this was when he discovered it was hollow. He got as much right as the other as I did, and we are to blame."

"I'm uncommonly glad to see you gentlemen, whenever you are here," said the man, "but I'm afraid you won't understand us."

"Yes, sir, I do. Circuses are demoralizing, and there is no telling what may happen to you."

"But I want to."

"Got you mind made up, have you?" said the old gentleman, looking up from his pipe with an expression of interest that was momentarily quickening into enthusiasm.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with some hesita-

"Nothing! will change ye?"

"No, sir, I do. You the money you'd sneak in under the tent, an' maybe get arrested, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, with great glee."

"I'm not a centar, but when you're here, I'm not a centar."

Col. Ingersoll half rose from his seat and exulted in the knowledge that as much as above the man as the stars are above a duck's tracks in the mud."

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"A Mystery Explained."

(Detroit Free Press.)

Creditor—Can I collect that bill of mine?

Debtor—Not afraid not, today.

Creditor—Put your hand on me, you are going to have a new house put up.

Debtor—Yes.

Creditor—Seems very queer to me that a man that can't pay his honest debts can be putting up houses.

Debtor—Did you hear who was going to put it up?

Creditor—No.

Debtor—Auctioneer.

## FALSE EVIDENCE.

Continued From the First Page.

"Keep back, keep away from me," muttered my father, in a low suppressed tone, as though he were in a corner, and was afraid of being overheard. "Keep out of my reach lest I do you a mischief. Thank God, we are not alone. Speak! What are you doing now?"

"I am staying with Sir Frederick Lawton, at Luccombe Hall, for a few days only. I have not been able to get back to my feeble home."

"My father raised his hand.

"Swear by anything that is dearest to you that you do not seek to discover my dwelling place, or my mother's. She was standing in the open window with a fleecy white shawl around her head, and her eyes, which I had never seen, fixed appealingly upon me."

"The stranger raised his hat.

"There was a dead silence for a full minute. Then my father gathered up his reins, and motioned us to ride on."

"I'll turn round for you," said the man.



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Quite a thought, isn't it?

What else struck me?

You know Broadway, you know Washington st., you know Tremont st., you know what an infernal, good for nothing, uncontrollable crowd there is in these significant places at all times and under all circumstances. The

Jamest Jam You Ever Saw

in your life here doesn't equal that to be found upon the Strand of London, yet while here we have blocks and obstructions and annoyances, there all is as quiet as Greenwood at midnight; never a block, never an obstruction. Why? Because the uncaburing policeman sees that the drivers recognize the law—each to his own side. There is no cutting across, there is no utilization of opportunity; there is a simple proportional progress up one side, down the other.

And the cross streets?

They are crowded too, and when the policeman standing is of the opinion that the drivers on the cross streets should be permitted to come in, he holds his finger up, and the entire cavalcade along the Strand stops while the tributary stream pours upon the mighty flood. Thousands upon thousands of hansom are the Strand every day, thousands upon thousands of carts and drays and omnibuses and wagons of every kind on the Strand every day, and the omnibus perpetually rise before you, yet there is never a block and never an obstruction. Policeman loom before you at every corner and at every significant part of the city, but not a club is to be seen. I was very much interested indeed, apropos of this, in a report in a local paper concerning a disturbance when some many thousands of people being gathered for a purpose became in the language of this report "so turbulent, so pressing upon the officers, that the policemen were almost compelled to think of

drawing their staffs." Mark the contrast. Come over here to New York.

Glad to See You at Any Time.

Look at the policeman. What is he doing? Swinging his club. Does he ever say to the policeman who wasn't swinging his club? I never did. His club is as much part and parcel of himself as his fist, and when in the heat of argument or the quick sway of passion, he finds himself compelled to use his hand or his fist, he uses what is just the same to him as his hand or his fist, namely his club. Not so there, and a very great improvement too. The recognition of law on the part of this peculiarly independent tribe was not one of the most interesting phases of English presentation. The politeness of the servants, the respect of a distinction between the served and the server was a refreshing change from the tooth-picked, curled-moustache independence of the American waiter this side the pond.

And the dukes?

I didn't see two. They were both Americans, both I regret to say from New England, one from Springfield and one from Boston, and the proudest Alps of their country considered English. They were the blondest, bluest eyes I ever saw. The British man is a curious creature, very much sensibility. The British matron is wholesome and free from affectation. The British boy is being destroyed precisely as the American boy is by pettiness in which the smoking of cigarettes and pipes bears a very strong part. The British girl, owing to athletic treatment and a course of physical training, is a very marked improvement upon the British girl of 20 years ago.

I Didn't See a Woman

there who knew how to dress, outside the dramatic profession.

On the street British women are unattractive, in their homes, like the British men, they are hospitality personified.

Of course one sees more men than women in club life there, although woman club life is coming to the front somewhat in the last few years. I saw the club life of London in something approaching a state of decay, but still there is a great deal of pleasure and professional delight which, if brought here, would relieve us of so much annoyance, which would bring to us such enhancement of pleasurable enjoyment, which would lift us, as it were, from the mudmire of provincialism upon the solid mire of metropolitan life and cosmopolitan interchange.

Later on I'll tell you more.

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What was I most impressed with?

Law and order, standing as they do chieftain, supreme, absolute. The Queen is a dear old lady, long may she wave, stout, very fat, extremely courteous, with a well rounded sense of the dignity and the potentiality so to speak of her position. If you once get this idea into your mind you will perhaps more clearly understand the difficulties attending the man who caused the abduction of the Queen in favor of the Prince of Wales. The present growth of her popularity has always heard of "the Queen." The present maturity of Great Britain, the men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 years have always heard of "the Queen," and the old age of the kingdom remember not alone her long and illustrious career, have recognized not along the marvellous advances made along the upper highways of the arts and sciences during her regime, but find extreme felicity in recalling the days of the young princess, of the virgin Queen of the prince consort and the felicitous Victoria.

So that from start to finish, from first to last, from youth to age,

Great Britain Has Looked so Long upon Victoria, the sum and substance, as well as the exponent of the majesty and the power and the glory and the advancement and the progress and the success of the imperial kingdom, that it would be almost like wrenching home from socket were she to announce her willingness, let alone her desire, to abdicate in favor of her eldest son.

They wouldn't have it.

And yet no man stands higher in the estimate of the British public than the Prince of Wales today. That typhoid fever did the business. Prior to that he was regarded as a scamp, as an accomplished gallant, as a dandy, as a dandy, as a strong physique, and with no sense, let alone no possession of the morale; but what a change a night can make! The gloomy outlook showed him as standing upon the higher verge of the external ocean.

In the twinkling of an eye the sentiment of the kingdom changed.

He became the idol of the hour. Every hamlet, every town, every cathedral city poured forth supplications to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, asking health, restoration, for Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, since which hour it has been the pride and boast of every Englishman that he loves and admires and waits the coming of King Edward, son of Queen Victoria.

Yet, after all, that wasn't what I wanted to see. I was taken through Westminster Abbey by one of England's proudest names. We entered through the main porch, and standing on the monumental slabs dedicated to the memory of men and women, illustrious in their day and generation, long since gone, I looked about me. I was taken by the ververs

Through Chapel After Chapel.

I studied with unfeigned interest the faces and the inscriptions. I saw the marble effigies of the great and the good, the wicked and the infamous, the contemptible.

I noticed with particular interest the white lord high admirals of hundreds of years ago were afforded an immensity of space for marbled effigy, the greater names, the more significant individualities of modern times were forced to be content with a single statuette. I saw it all, and as we came forth the welcome harmonies of the great organ, echoing from arch to arch and filling the magnificent spaces of that splendid hall, my friend, a distinguished member of parliament, whose name will be handed down to posterity as a humanitarian, as an effort in the aid and advancement of his fellowmen, said "Well, Mr. Pyle, what has most impressed you—the bust of Longfellow?"

"Oh, no, I replied. I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Longfellow, and I think that is the foundation of seamanlike portraiture of our great poet."

"Ah, indeed; well, the chapel of the kings and queens?"

"No."

"What then?"

I wish you could have seen him when I answered.

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OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Conducted by Margaret E. Sangster.

The children consider this department their personal possession, and every week their bright letters to one another and the postmistress declare them in the happy use of their mother tongue, and give them a pleasant feeling of acquaintanceship in their widely separated homes.

Quite a thought, isn't it?

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